THE DEATH OF A WEALTHY MAN. High through his titles, power and pelf,

Despite those titles, power and poli.
The westch, ossernbered all hi solf,
Living, shall fortest fair renown.
And, downly dying, shall be down
So the vice due from whence in spring,
Duwspi, unbanceed and unwag.
— hir Walter Scott.

## THE THREE CHUMS.

When I was in college I had two very fear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union.

Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tour stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our alle chance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine. Musterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and 1 drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary, sharp shooting; but through it all we kept up a three cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result. I think that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and vice versa. It was helpful; it was delightful. We lived in a palace of truth, which, alast is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death-madne and it all came about through the too close application of Marslen and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Masterson and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon but plunging into the middle of the supernatural and while Masterson and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crows defeated Harvard crews, and other matters of alma maternal interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unnat-

ural things. While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman. Poe and Monk Lewis, and any versifier could be his post for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunshiny things of life, but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marslen's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds. like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's rassion for the insune that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Maralen at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an acylum for the insune in Massachuseits, and then the end came. Masferson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Musterson at Baltimore-which Marslen. owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Beston, adding that it was try intentant to leave New York for Baltimere that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Maraden saying: "Wait for me. He

must not die." This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me meet to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with these four words grated on my nerves.

They did not sound exactly right. An hour later a moond telegram arrived from Marsden, which read: "Am

just leaving Boston. For God'ssake walt And so it went all that afternoon. At of two corners of our triangle of love-

every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing messages the mind could well conceive of beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances as-suming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in s precarious state mentally anyhow. I freaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train-and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied

When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid face on my shoulder cried like a child. "Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think.

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge of dissolution. I feel so faint now that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over." He staggered slightly as he spoke and would have fallen if I had not caught hom by the arm

Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient backney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushious, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under panishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drinkto me, who knew that he did not drink, ondition was unaccountable. Moved both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situ-

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and grouned. 'Ahf" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me-eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you-how can you-how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a ma-

"I-I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death." 'Don't speak of it-don't speak of it" he shuddered, cowering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face

with hts hands. "Hartly, I don't believe you understand." he wided, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprobend that it means absolute annihilation destruction a blotting out forever? Do you-do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out. I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest"-

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to our We shall vanish; we shall be whose sentiment smacked of malaria blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours-we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness-we become zeros"

'My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All"-

"It cannot!" he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we-Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied-I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house, I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad: but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether. and that was Masterson's death. No: had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the ques tion, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved

I should myself stand in mental peril. We went to my apartments, and shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the ork of a moment, and then Marsden feeling that it must be from Baltimore snatched it from me and tried to read it but fortunately he could not, his eye were so filled with the tears of fear.

'Read it!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!" I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jac. died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said

but I did not dare read it aloud. What does it say?" gasped Marsden

The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore." Thank Godf cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a gross sink-

ing in a faint to the floor. Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world knows, as a parient, and I-I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence

> Jay (lould was one of several prominent men not known to the public by their real names. His Christian name was really Jason Gould. He dropped the Jason and took up Jay because it was more euphonicus. In this mannar Grover Cleveland dropped his first name, which was Stephen, and Whitelaw Reid

It is worth knowing that many of the directions for adorning the household at light expense were written by people with more imagination than common NATURE LOVE.

Let us be with her wholly at all hours. With the fond lover's pert who is content
If his our hears and if his eye but sees;
So shall we grow like her in mold and bent,
Our bodies stately as her blessed trees,
Our thoughts as sweet and sumptuous as her

The turning lathe was invented by T. Blanchard in 1843. Marshal Suchet was a silk winder's boy

Thrashing machines were invented by Menzies, a Scotchman, in 1732. An Egyptian scythe is reported to have

whose death Marsden has hever heard.

or the experts say that were he ever to

does he believe himself a part of the dea

of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out,-H. W. Harkness in Frank

ODDS AND ENDS.

Rub soiled wall paper with pieces of

The father of the historian Rollin was

man's day dreams, the small remain

Leslie's.

favor.

Birbt bread.

a knifemaker.

and enlisted in the ranks.

been discovered in the Nile valley. The temperate man is the greatest epicure and the only true voluptuary.

Great Britain has eighty miles of tunnel, their cost exceeding £6,500,000. Faraday produced a spark by separating a keeper from a magnet in 1881.

With a man more money means more

to eat: with a woman more to wear. The output of the cigar factories at Reading, Pa., last year was over 100,000.

Plush is not used this season, but the fancy for velvet may again bring it into

New York has the greatest number of newspapers, 1,958; Nevada the least, twenty-five.

Gray's telephone, an improvement on Reis', was brought to comparative perfection in 1878. English judges of courts of assizes

and nisi pruis get \$3.75 a day for their services, time only being counted while they are on circuit. Says a pronounced flirt, "The only man who ever forestalled me in breaking an

engagement was the one who professed to love me the most." The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness. Her state is like that of things in the regions above the

moon, always clear and serene .- Mou-

Uncle Mose's Possum Prayer. Great consternation, followed by wild laughter, was an innovation of the chapel exercises at the penitentiary not long ago. It was occasioned by a possum prayer from old Mose Allen, a South Carolina negro with one leg, who was dreaming of Thanksgiving day. Chaplain Dudley opened the prayer meeting as usual, and prisoners followed briefly.
When all heads were bowed in reverence old Mose jumped at the opportunity and

delivered the following prayer:
"Dear beloved brudderin and sister'n, I t'ank de Lord for permittin me to kum ter church dis yer beautiful Sabbot' morn. Ye all dunno that beautiful Thankseiving day is near at han. On dat day some folks will eat turkey, some eat chicken, some cat duck, some cat lamb and some eat sheep. But us niggers, we would like dat good old poss. Koch 'im, bring 'im in, take all the ha'r of 'im, put 'im out two nights and let 'im fros'. Bring 'im in. Parberl'im. Stuff 'imlike yo' would a tur-'No. I do not," I answered shortly. "I key, an bas' 'im. Put'im in de pan. Put believe, as you used to believe, in a God | sweeten taters all round dat poss. Put 'im in de stove and shet dat stove doah Go away t'inking about Booregard, Jeff Davis, Lincoln and Grant. Let 'im stay in dere awhile. Open dat stove doah. Ol' 'possy all turned brown and degravy drippin in de pan declar dat poss am cooked. Bring dat poss out'n dat stove, put 'im on de table. Don't cut 'im while

e's 'ot. For Christ's sake, amen!" Chaplain Dudley stood aghast at the conclusion of the prayer. A moment afterward the chapel re-echoed the wild and wicked shouts of the prisoners. For about five minutes consternation reigned. at the end of which time prayers were resumed, with no further expressions from the colored brothren.-Columbus Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Poisons in Toy Candles.

The following letter on arsenical poi oning through green candles was contributed to The Times in March, 1889, by Major Leadbetter, chief constable of Denbighshire:

A curious case came under my notice ately which, I think, is of public value. A children's party and Christmas tres resulted in most of the little people and many of the older ones being seized with symptoms of mineral poisoning. The fact of several who were present who had not partaken of food or liquid of any kind being in the number of those affected directed my attention to the colored candles on the tree.

These I had examined by the county analyst, Mr. Lowe, of Chester, whose dles were colored with arsenical green would contain one grain of arsenious red candles were colored with vermilion. There is no doubt, therefore, that we have not further to seek for an explanation of the symptoms-a crowded room idea with the atmosphere charged with arthat I learn the candles were not of English manufacture and were bought with

Burying an Empty Coffin.

A most extracrdinary occurrence is reported from Wrexham. A child inmate of the workhouse died the other day and a coffin was procured, as usual, from the contracting undertaker. In due time this coffin was conveyed from the workhouse to the cometery and there England officiating. Some time afterward the body of the child was discovered at the workhouse, an empty coffin having been buried. The cemetery anthorities were communicated with, the comin disinterred, the body of the child placed in it, and it was again consigned to the grave.-London Tit-Bita.

seen and He Found the Golden Firem dropped his, which was James.-New York World.

Let us be much with easters, not as they That labor without seeing, that employ Her unloved forces blindly without joy, Nor those whose hands and crude delights

The old brute passion to hunt down and slay, But rather as children of one common birth, Discerting in each natural fruit of earth Kindred and bond to this diviner clay.

-Archibald Lampman in Youth's Companion.

## TRIALS.

"I certainly will try the experiment," quoth I to myself. And then I covertly looked in the

glass, so as better to calculate my

chances matrimonial. It wasn't a very satisfactory survey. I am not a handsome man. But there's one advantage I possess that is worth all the beauty in creation-Torquatus Thistledown, Esq., president of the Thistle-down Petroleum company, with the handsomest yacht in the bay and money enough to freight it with a golden cargo! Youth—beauty—what do they weigh in the balance against Torquatus Thistle-

And I patted my pockets with a chuckle that sounded like the chink of doubloonst

"I'll do it!" I exclaimed aloud. Bruce Hardenbrook glanced sleepily up from his armchair in the bay window and took his eigar out of his mouth. Bruce belongs to our club-more's the pity-a supercilious puppy that looks down on a fellow from the height of his six feet two, as if nobody under that size had any business to exist.

"What's that you're going to do, Thistledown?" asked Bruce. "To be married," I added slowly and

distinctly, "to Miss Fanny Gordon." Bruce started. I had known very well that that would disturb his serene self possession. All the world was quite aware that he was dangling after pretty Fanny Gordon-as if a clientless young lawyer had any right to aspire to the hand of the loveliest girl in New York! "Are you engaged to her, Mr. Thistledown?" he asked.

"No-not exactly engaged-that is, not as yet, but I mean to be. I shall consult Mr. Gordon this very afternoon-an old friend of mine, Job Gordon, He'll refuse me nothing.

Bruce Hardenbrook made no reply. He resumed his newspaper and tried to look indifferent, with remarkably bad

So I put on my hat and strolled down to honest Job Gordon's counting room.
"Thistledown, how d'ye do?" he cordially said. "What can I do for you today?

A great deal Mr Gordon "Irespond ed. "I am contemplating matrimony. I am thinking of the hymeneal bonds, sir. and—and—I would like the weight of your influence with your daughter Fanny. I adore Fanny, sir-I worship her and I don't mind telling you that it is within her option at this moment to become Mrs. Torquatus Thistledown!"

Mr. Gordon wrang my hand heartily. "Torquatus," he ejaculated breath-Mrs. Petroleum Company-no, I don't mean that exactly-but-but I only hope vou aren't too late!"

"Too late!" I gasped, making a clutch at my yellow silk pocket handkerchief and wiping the drops away from the bald spot on the crown of my head. "There was a young fellow here this

very morning," went on Mr. Gordon, rumpling his hair with one hand in a distracted manner, uppon the self same business, and"-"Not Bruce Hardenbrook?"

"Yes, Bruce Hardenbrook-the very person-and I told him to-I-I gave him my sanction-and I've just sent up a note to Fanny desiring her to have no hesitation in promptly accepting the gentleman who would propose to her this afternoon." I gave a feeble gasp and rubbed my

"But," added the old gentleman, with a sudden inspiration, "I didn't mention any names, thank goodness, and I don't see, upon my word, why the note shouldn't answer for you just as well as

for Bruce Hardenbrook, if you only get there a little ahead of him." I jumped up and made a grasp at my

"Couldn't-couldn't you go with me?" "Impossible-I have two most important appointments, but you won't need me-the note paves the way. Good evening, Torquatus, I wish you all possible success!

As I hailed the nearest omnibus and report is to the effect that the green can-leaped in, the iron tongue of old Trinity tolled 6 in deep bass monosyllables. to the extent that every eight candles Perhaps-perhaps I might yet be in time -perhaps Bruce Hardenbrook might be anhydrite. He further reports that the just such a fool as to be idling away the precious moments in that big easy chair at the clubrooms. It was barely possible, and my heart gave a bound at the

Fanny was at home, for as I rang the senical and mercurial fumes sufficiently bell I saw the flutter of her blue muslin accounting for it. It is only fair to state dress from the French windows that opened upon the balcony-and the next moment she admitted me herself-a tall, beantiful girl, with bright brown hair brushed away from a low white forehead, and eyes like shady wells of light. "Dear me, Mr. Thistledown, is it

really you?" she exclaimed coquettishly adjusting a rose in her bair. "Excuse my opening the door, the servants are gone to Michael Somebody's wake and I'm all alone."

Not entirely alone, for a "monitor interred, a clergyman of the Church of hat hung on the hall stand - dark, speechless witness! My heart stood still! At the same moment I caught a glimpse of my face in the oval mirror above. It couldn't bave been redder or more shining if it had been oiled mahogany. However, I gave it a nervous dab or two with my pocket landkerchief and heldly entered the parlor.

to borrow more."-New York Weekly. Just as I expected. Bruce Hardenbrook was there, but then, judging by his appearance, he had only just arrived Now was my time. But how was a felband you fellows have set going next low to make love with Brace Hardendoor to me. brook's cold, critical eyes full on him, and the amused curve of his lip varying at every word I spoke? "I-I was thinking of asking you,

"Yes, Mr. Thistledown." But my courage failed me at this event-

"You give me a pane!" said Gargorle "If you're much troubled with mos to the man who came to put in a broken quitees in this neighborhood"window. Not at all "Not much I do," replied the man. "I

Bruce was laughing-I knew he was.

A SONNET OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S. but I scorned to look to him. I felt as if I had been taking a bath in liquid fire. Was I to be trified with thus? Nover! Now hath my life across a stormy sea.

prettiest cowardice I had ever seen. Now

I'm not, as a general thing, particularly

partial to the company of burglars and

housebreakers, but what was a man to

do thus charmingly appealed to?
"Don't be afraid, Fanny," said I,

catching up the guitar case valiantly

making for the lower part of the house

Hardenbrook followed, rather contrary

there was no burglar there.

getic turn-it was fast locked!

belonged to Bruce Hardenbrook!

In vain I shouted until my lungs were

hoarse-in vain I rattled the relentless

door; nothing but the echo rewarded my

efforts. Nor was the scene of my invol-

hot-a circumstance easily accounted

for by the fact of a white hot fire glow-

ing away in the range and no particular

circulation except that of Croton bugs across the floor! I sat down on the brass

kettle and wiped the streams of perspi-

ration from my forehead-a modern St.

I gnashed my teeth and upset a whole

colony of frying pans in despair.

I sprang up and rattled the door once

more, shouting at the top of my lungs, but all to no avail. I kicked at the walls

-I beat a tattoo on the brass kettle with

the guitar case. Vain efforts. I might

as well have attempted to make myself

heard from the great dungeon of the Bas-

tille. And then I remembered the proba-

ble turn that affairs were taking up

"If ever I get out of this flery furnace

alive," said I to myself energetically,

So the time crept away, every moment seeming like an hour, and I heard the

sharp little kitchen clock strike 8, 9 and

you all? What's the

'I'll let girls and matrimony alone!"

stairs and uttered a hollow groan.

I doomed to be roasted alive?

don's voice exclain a:

the mischief are

nurder!-police!

quatus Thistledown!"

and I'll explain things."

that I presented.

reft of his senses?"

Hardenbrook and Fanny

other mystery. I presume."

believe a word of it! Police, I say!"

"But it is I, and I'm nearly dead. Stop

your hawling and listen to reason,"

said rather vindictively, for the slender

thread of my patience was rapidly dimin-

ishing down to nothing at all. "Let me

Thistledown Petroleum company mured

up among the pots and pans! Am I

asleep and dreaming, or have I been be-

"First," I interrupted, "where are

"Where? How should I know? An-

pomegranate cheeks a shade redder than

ever, and the bright hair glistening

around her face; "here we both are.

"Married?" and I.
"Married?" and Mr. Gordon.

"You told me in your note, paps, to accept him promptly," faltered Fanny. "But I didn't suppose you were going to be as prompt as all this," said the dis-

comfited papa.

I remained to hear no more. What de-

fented general cares to linger and survey the scenes of his rout and discomfiture?

my hat and shook the dust of that man-

Artful Dodging.

Billson-Hello, Jimson! I've caught

weeks to get hold of you, so as to pay

you that ten dollars I owe you, but

Jimson-Eh! Have you been wanting

"Great snakes! I thought you wanted

The Kind Re Wanted.

Irate Neighbor-I don't like that brass

Leader-Oh, don't you? Well, perhaps

Not to Be Joked With.

every time you suddenly disappeared.

to see me for that?

"Of course.

would like?

what.-Detroit Free Press.

charge you for it."-Truth.

sion off my feet at once and forever.

"And where have you been?

'Only to be married, sir!"

chair after it.

came this door shut?"

"Fanny," I resumed, resolutely, "I am where all
Are bidden, are the final suckoning fall
Of good and evil for cierality.
Now know I will how that foud phantasy But she jumped up with an agonized little scream

"Hush! wasn't that a man's step in threll Of earthly art in vain; bow criminal the basement hall? I am sure I heard it. Kathleen has left the door unbolted and

to that which all men seek unwillingly.

Lose amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed—

What are they when the double death is the house is full of robbers and murderers! Oh, Mr. Thistledown, do-do run The one I know for sure, the other dread

ainting nor sculpture now can full to rest My soul, that turns to his great love on high, Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were -Symond's "Life of Michael Angele."

A WESTERN STORY.

with that weapon of aggression. "Come on. Hardenbrook-we'll make 'em stir Oh, the dreariness of the prairie! How vast it was; never ending it seemed to round pretty lively, or we'll know the Clare, as she stood in the doorway of their adobe cottage and gazed sadly off toward the northwest, where a herd of sheep could be seen.

to my expectations; I had half feared his remaining behind to comfort the "How can they live on the dry grass, and how can Charlie even pretend to like frightened dove in the blue muslin feathit, the horrible, lonely life in such desc-"You look in the kitchen, Thistledown, lation and isolation! Hush, baby, dear, and I'll examine the cellar," he said, and I promptly obeyed. I looked under the dresser, behind the tables, even beneath the great brass kettle in the corner, but I am coming. How the mosquitoes and flies tease and torment him, poor little withering blossom-for even he has felt the blight." "It must have been the cat, Harden-brook," bawled I, "for-the deuce, how

The sun rose higher; the wind blew harder, and it seemed to have a touch of

I gave the handle of the door an ener-"I wonder why baby's cheeks are so red; can he be seriously ill? Papa won't And now the truth began to dawn dimly upon my perturbed and excited brain—the coast was clear, and victory be in until evening, darling; mamma will do the best she can."

Charlie Dean wondered why no wife was visible as he approached home; wondered more why no smoke issued from the chimney, as was usual at supper time. Had anything happened, he untary confinement particularly invit-ing. It was dark, close, and intensely endered, hastening his naturally slow

> The scene that met his gaze as he tered his home was one never to be for-

> His wife-his pretty little girlish wife he had brought from her city home-lay back in the wooden rocker white and still, while the baby, the little sixmonths-old Walter, was motio within her arms, and the sweet face wore a look the horrified father understood "Clare! Clare!" he cried brokenly.

> 'Baby-oh, my loved ones!" Then Clare opened her eyes and per-mitted him to place the child in its cra-dle—a cradle he had made out of a wooden box.

In a voice he scarcely recognized she "You knew the life I was to share out here; why did you not tell me?"

"But he seemed well this morning—well as he has been lately, I mean. Oh, I never expected this! The ranch is no lonelier than hundreds of others. I never 10, with a keen sensation of despair at every time. Should I never escape? Was "No, but you have had to think now.

He died an hour ago. I could not leave him to seek you-it did not matter after At length the monotony of silence was that. I'll never forgive you for bringing relieved by the sound of footsteps coming down the narrow airs, and Job Gorme out to this." "Clare! You knew I owned the ranch.

"Mary - Hannah - Kathleen - where You knew I was poor." kitchen door locked for? I'll discharge cially in a case like this," pointing to er child. "I little realized what it was

every skin of you, or-hello!-thieves!to be a woman." And honest Job fired his revolver aim-"Let her sulk," he said, "she enjoys it. lessly into the kitchen and flung a heavy

Anyway, I'll find other friends." And he did. He secured the services "Cordon! stop-hold on-it's I-Torof a boy in whose care he left the sheep, and went off almost daily to a little "Thistledown in my kitchen! I don't town, a pleasant ride for him of only fif-

een miles. When there, his place of ounging can be easily guessed. "It's Clare's doings," he mused; " men like to send men to the dogs." If Clare saw anything more than usual she remained silent. Sometimes when

out where there's a breath of fresh air. came home almost too stupid to talk he caught a glimpse of contempt in the The astounded old gentleman led me cold eyes of his wife. Her silence was up stairs into the gas lighted hall, marfairly maddening. veling much at the wilted appearance "Why don't she howl and storm like

other women?" he muttered. "She never 'Now, then, will you be good enough even wept over the baby. I'd give a to tell me what all this is about? I come good deal to see her cry just once. home at 10 o'clock and find my house The summer had gone and winter had open and empty. I go down into my kitchen and find the president of the

come; as usual on Saturday morning. Charlie had ridden away in the direction of the town without a word of farewell. "Two years ago," said Clare bitterly, "he sought me in that cozy home of my nunt', with its soft carpets, its loving friends, and he persuaded me to marry him and come out to this dreary place,

where he has even forgotten to be hu-"No mystery at all, sir," said a well Then glancing toward the northwest known voice as Bruce Hardenbrook came she saw a mass of clouds lying, a threatquietly up the front steps and into the ening aspect growing over all the sky. hall, with Fanny leaning on his arm, the

"There's a storm coming and I'm glad One of the freaks in my makeup is that I like storms, particularly now. Had I been a timid lass I would long since have died of fright. I have felt sometimes even a bear coming in at the door would be a change," and Clare smiled sadly as the masses of black clouds increased and the wind tore around the little mud ranch with frightful violence.

"Don't detain me, boys. I must go

'Impossible in such a storm as this. Turning a deaf ear to Gordon's apologies and entreaties—resisting Bruce's hypo-critical condolence and Fanny's melting You'd be dead in less than an hour. Take things coolly, Charlie. Why, it's the first time I ever saw you anxious. Your eyes, where laughter and compassion blended into bewitching lights—I put on wife's all right; being snowed in a few days don't surprise folks in these parts." "But she's out of flour; she made And that was my last courtship. -Bufbiscuits this morning, and there was only enough-end she"-

"Oh, ho, she's got other things, trust a woman for that; there's canned fruit, you at last. I've been trying for three dried corn, there's bears and-no danger of her suffering. Anyway you can't help her; an army could not force its way over those miles."

"God forgive me!" thought Charlie Dean, his face in his hands, "and God help ber, for I know how precious little the small house contains. I've seen her brinting among the woods for something green to help out the salt pork and bread. I know how she's tried to rook something we could eat when I brought her home almost nothing. She may have comothing for dinner-after that-Oh, heavens, boys, I must go home!" he

you'll tell me what kind of a hand you 'You'll not go a quarter of a mile be-Irate Neighbor - A disband: that's fore you'll be dead, and then your wife will have no help from you, and by and by the expense of burying rom-if the

wilves don't find you." Such a storm had not been known for rears even in that country where frightul storms were common.

Four days from the time Charlie Dean and left home he slowly and persistently

forced his way back through heavy nowdrifts until with tremble raised the latch of his door and

Blinded by the snow, he could see nothing at first, but by and by he be-came conscious of the cold hearth, the swful silence and that the little house was empty. It did not even hold a

corpse.

The wearied man sank down upon a chair and gared about him blankly,

despairingly. The bed was neatly made the floor swept, everything was placed in its usual orderly fashion, and her dress hing upon the wall near him-the old brown calico she had worn the last time he had seen her.

"Gone," he said dazedly; "gone."

Just then one of the boys, who had felt strange misgivings and had followed him.

"What did you say Charlief Is she gone? Why, that couldn't be; she'd never be such a fool as to venture out in that storm. If she did—poor fellow, he's

revived. He was very weary, and the awfulness of what had been through his neglect quite overpowered him.

"There, you're better now," said his friend. "What do you think could have caused her to leave the house, and where

"I don't know, unless to the stable. I

had left a little corn there." "Charlie," said his friend sternly, "you never left your wife in such a condit But Charlie only nodded.

"I expected to be home, you know—but don't look at me like that! I'm punished enough! She's dead somewhere under the enew, my poor little Clare!"
They failed to find her. No corn was

missing, it is true, but they found nothing to so much as to point the way whither she had gone. Charlie Dean was a changed man once

Charlie Dean was a changed man once more. To his boon companions he said goodby, and many of them never forgot the silent pain in his eye, the anguish that his whole face expressed.

"It's not going to kill him," said the friend who had been watching him to see that he did nothing rash. "No, it's going to make such a man out of him as we never dreamed of. The one thing

now that has possession of him is work, in order that he may forget. It's a good medicine. I think I'll try some myself." Three years later, well to do, with money to spare, for none of it was ever equandered now, Charlie Dean once more sought the faraway city where he had

first met and won his wife. A strange longing had come over him to once more see that place, and travel stained and bronzed he walked by the house almost expecting to hear her touch upon the piano and the sound of her

sweet voice. Bewildered, amazed, half believing himself out of his head, he did hear her voice once more. "There's a man drunk leaning on the

fence," he heard a strange voice exclaim. Then the playing ceased, and a voice that almost caused him to faint a second time responded: "Drunken men are only too common.

Let him alone. Some policeman will be along presently."

Then the music struck up again, this time into a wild galop, as if the player's "But he's still there," continued the

strange voice. "He's peculiar looking. Do look out, Clare. I declare I feel nerv-Charlie stood up squarely now, pushed his hat back slightly and looked full and

straight into the eyes of his wife. She fell back with a cry, the place was empty, and rearcely knowing what he did Charlie was turning away when some one came flying down those steps and-end, yes, had her hand in his, and in a tearful voice was saying: "Charlie,

oh, Charlie! You've come at last!" "I want to know," he said when in the coxy parlor still clinging to ber hand, "I want to know how you got away from the ranch during that awful storm. Clare finshed, but answered unbesitat

I was a good walker. I felt no fear of the storm. You had left me almost nothing to est, and I really thought I should lose my mind if I remained there many more days all alone.

"I took the little money I still possessed and started soon after you did only I went in an opposite direction. I had scarcely reached the main trail when a two horse wagon came dashing up, the man-a stranger, but God bless him, for he saved my life—jumped out and snatched me up before I could say by your leave, and away we tore like mad. The horses were very strong and swift, and we seemed to be outriding the storm. We reached shelter at last, just before its fury broke, and I thanked him as best I could. Then, when the roads were clear, I started for my old home, but I had to stop and work awhile before! get here. Aunt has never heard all the story; I couldn't talk of some things," "I thought you dead," said Charlie. "I-if you could know how I have suffered. Oh. Clare, I don't suppose you

could forgive! "I forgave you long ago. I was some to blame. I ought to have tried to have been happier. I wrote to your old home, but they teld me you had gone away." 'Shall we begin over, Clare—for when you were gone I found out how I loved

"Oh, yes, and wherever you go I'll try to make that home happy. 'And I'll see that it is a home in which

to be happy," answered Charlie, with a tremble in his voice.—Abbie C. Mc-Keever in Yankee Blads. The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's Great German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

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